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Alone and Afraid

66 7 9

Chapter 1 by Jayde Avalon

I can't take it much longer...this emptiness, this longing...I need somebody...someone to cure this agonizing loneliness...someone to love me, to hold me...somebody...anybody...

Please...

Chapter 2 by theRANDOM_

I cannot live alone any longer, I just physically do not have the will to live anymore. I go over my suicide note that I have written and rewritten a total of 17 times. With shaking hands, I lift the blade to my wrist when out of the blue I hear the doorbell ring.

At first, I want to ignore it but then I can't resist so I hide my blade and note under the bed then rush down the stairs. I open the door and there in front of me stands Ashley Rodriguez, one of the smartest students in our grade.

"Hi", she says quite bluntly, "I know what you have been up to".

Suddenly I gulp...

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unknown daddy's eye; a fraying webbed folding lawn chair that is now more fray than web and the cigarette burned wooden coffee table, full up with overflowing ashtrays and empty vodka bottles. My new foster mother brags, when she drinks, that there is no need for a glass as she was a bottle fed baby. Ashley shakes her head resolutely and makes her choice. With one long designer silk covered arm, she sweeps everything on the coffee table to the floor. She takes off her silk sweater, folds it neatly, places it on the coffee table, then sits and turns her head to gaze at me. Then she says "let me see your notes."

Suddenly, I gulp..

Then I stutter and stammer for what seems like an eternity until I'm finally able to form two words - "What notes?"

Chapter 4 by Αηηιε ℓєιgн (GONE...)

At first she looks startled, "don't lie to me. I can help you".
I wonder how she figured out. Maybe it's the constant puffiness of my eyes, or maybe the cuts on my arms... I don't have time for this.
I have to make up my mind.
I confidently walk back upstairs, and close the door behind me. I have no intention on bringing those notes down. She'll have to read them once i'm dead.
I grab the knife, and take a deep breath, aiming the tip into my heart. I gather up all my courage. I hear a knock on the door, but I promise myself to ignore it.
"Maddie! Don't even think about it!" I hear her yell, as she pounds on the door. "It's too late!" I answer. My eyes water and I start sobbing. "NO! It's never too late! You out of all people should know that!". I'm scared she'll knock down the door, so I take one last breath, and push the knife in.
It hurts more than I would have ever thought. But it's worth it.

There's a loud thump as I feel myself collapse on the floor. "Maddie?" Ashley yells one last time. My vision blurs and I slowly drift off into what seems to be 'the light'. The pain is unbearable, but I keep telling myself it's worth it. I can see the door flung open, and Ashley throw herself on me, pulling the comforter off the bed [illegible]
I want to tell her to stop, to let me go, but the words don't come out.
This is taking much longer [illegible]
I breathe one last breath, and my eyes close, everything around me fading into darkness.

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Chapter 5 by .

Beep.Beep.Beep." We're losing her." The doctor says patiently. I breathe in a breath.

No. No. No. Alive. Still alive. I can't be alive. I don't want to be alive.
I am awake now.

A few days. That's all it will take then I can get out of here. End it. End my life. Be dead. Kill me. Commit suicide, I can't stand being alive when I know... know that... no one cares.

Except, these doctors. I wish they would let me. Just let me go. That's all I wish. Tears stream down my face.

I can't live like this. Live a lie, saying people care when they really don't. I don't want to be saved.

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